

Stitch

By

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FADE IN:

INT. ABANDONED WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

A smaller room inside the labyrinth of the warehouse.

An orange tint filters the room as rusty light fixtures flicker, throwing shadows across the barren walls.

Glass litters the floor, blood smears adjacent.

And at the center of the room, a beaten hardwood table, chipped and chiseled, carries a bloodied and nightmarish GIRL, who has a bag over her head with stitching that looks like stitched eyes and a mouth. She is bound to the table, not able to move a limb.

At the left side of the table lies a rolling cart with a metallic tray on it carrying a lone needle and some thread.

A CREAK from further in the warehouse.

Her head darts towards the vicinity the noise echoed. She tries to move her head, but the bound is too tight.

Another CREAK. This time, closer.

The girl tries desperately to get out of her bounds. She gets nowhere.

POP! A light bulb above her shatters! She frantically flails around, hoping to loosen the straps, even just a little bit.

More light bulbs POP! Going off everywhere. She tries to scream, but is muffled through the stitching and the bag.

The popping and creaking stop. The girl slowly quiets in her whimpering. She is trying to listen for another noise.

FOOTSTEPS. Coming down the hallway, closer and closer. They reach the edge of the door and stop before entering the room, waiting.

Girl whimpers more, increasingly growing more and more frantic.

Feet can be seen from the door frame, the rest of the body silhouetted. A demon-like vapor uncurls from the feet and slithers towards the girl.

(CONTINUED)

FREAK

Shhhhh...

Girl whimpers even more, quietly sobbing.

The demonic wisp curls around her legs and wraps around her body. It enters through her mouth; a possession. Her body writhes in agony, thrashing against the restraints. Her muffled screaming is replaced by a hellish screech.

Silence. The demon has taken control.

Freak advances towards the girl, clutching a long, jagged shard of glass between his fingers to a point where his hand bleeds.

He reaches the girl. He holds the glass over her, shard digging deeper into his skin as the seconds pass by.

Drip.

A tiny pool of blood begins to form on the bag. He takes his other hand and begins to write with his blood.

He moves away. "Disrespect"

A few agonizingly silent seconds pass.

SNAP!

Her head flies off to the side, stitched eyes in the cloth staring into the empty void.

OPENING CREDITS

INT. DINING ROOM - NIGHT.

Dinner table. Plates are full and the night seems lively. JOHN, the father, RACHEL, the mother, and CHARLIE, the sister of CLAIRE sit at the table, talking loudly to each other, trying to share a piece of their day to whoever will listen. Claire, on the other hand, sits in a hunch, picking at her food and trying to ignore her family.

CHARLIE

Peter said that grasshoppers like to sneak into mashed potatoes and then when you eat them, they sneak into your brain.

(CONTINUED)

JOHN

So I've got an interview tomorrow.
It's a pretty big deal.

John has quite a big smile on his face, letting everyone know that he means to say "I'm better than you!" without actually saying it.

RACHEL

Well Peter's probably not going to
make it out of the 5th grade.

JOHN

(In his own little head)
I'll finally be able to fire all
those idiots.

RACHEL

Charlie eat your food.

Charlie just stares at her potatoes, possibly waiting for a grasshopper to jump out.

JOHN

(Staring right at Rachel)
This is probably the biggest thing
that's ever happened to me.

Rachel stares at John, contempt seething through her eyes. John stares right back at her, not letting his pride be wounded. After a few moments, Rachel backs away.

RACHEL

(Under her breath)
Child.

CHARLIE

(Completely unaware of what
has been going on)
I wouldn't mind a little
grasshopper in my head. It might be
fun...

RACHEL

Charlie we aren't letting a bug up
your nose.

CHARLIE

Come on mom! With its brain in
mine, I might get twice as smart!

Claire butts in, still not looking up from her plate.

(CONTINUED)

CLAIRE
You could definitely use the boost.

RACHEL
Don't talk to your sister like that
Claire.

Being an annoying little sister...

CHARLIE
Yeah, don't talk to me like that
Claire!

A silence at the table. John and Rachel continue to eat their dinners, although looking very peeved. Claire looks over at Charlie with a bloodcurdling stare. Charlie looks over at Claire and makes a mocking face at her, sticking her tongue out.

CLAIRE
(getting up)
May I be excused.

JOHN
Finish your dinner.

CLAIRE
I wasn't asking.

She walks away from the table and into her room. Rachel looks at John, trying to get him to keep Claire at the table. John just sits in his chair, trying to keep his composure, about to lose it. Charlie eyes down his mashed potatoes, scanning them, then decidedly stabs them with her fork, disappointed.

INT. CLAIRE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

CLAIRE walks into her bedroom, calming down. She throws herself onto her bed, staring up at the ceiling. She then looks around to her nightstand and pulls a book from the table top. She sits up and sets her back against the bed rest, getting comfortable to start reading.

TAP.

The noise echoes from her window, as if someone had tapped on it.

Clarice hears this, looks over at the window suspiciously, and then back to her book, engaged.

TAP...TAP...

(CONTINUED)

She hears the noise again. She gets up and walks quickly over to the window, annoyed. She looks out into the darkness, keeping her eyes peeled for any disturbances.

TAP!

A tree branch raps against the window, causing Claire to jump backwards in shock.

CHARLIE (O.S)

Claire?

Claire's eyes bolt towards her doorway. She doesn't see Charlie, but is too annoyed and jumpy to put up with her.

CLAIRE

Go away.

CHARLIE (O.S)

But-

CLAIRE

I said go away.

She looks back at the window and decidedly pulls the blinds shut. She goes back over to her bed and picks up her book. She gets comfortable on her pillows and starts to read.

INT. PARENT'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

The room is bright, with a certain amount of playfulness in the atmosphere. JOHN unfurls the bed sheets, throws them onto the bed. He looks over at CHARLIE, who is lying down on the floor staring up at the ceiling, entranced.

JOHN

Charlie.

John gestures towards the bed sheets. Charlie, clearly agitated at the request, gets up from her ecstasy and shuffles over to start making the bed. John throws down the rest of his sheets onto the bed and goes over to sit in an arm chair facing the T.V.

RACHEL walks into the room carrying a basket full of laundry when she spots John, doing absolutely nothing.

RACHEL

Lazy, no good, son of a-

She is about to finish her sentence, but is interrupted when she throws the clothes on the bed and Charlie is infuriated...

(CONTINUED)

CHARLIE
MOOOM!! I was trying to make the
bed!!

John jerks his head up at Charlie screaming.

JOHN
If you two can't keep it down, your
sleeping in the den!

Rachel mutters constantly under her breath, cursing John for his own self absorption.

John goes back to lying in the chair, happy with himself that he has a promotion completely guaranteed (In his head anyway).

CHARLIE
(Whispering)
Mom? Why can't dad sleep on the
couch?

Rachel stares at John with an intense loathing, eyes unwavering in her bitter resentment.

RACHEL
Shut up Charlie.

Rachel goes back to folding clothes on the bed, while Charlie, completely unfazed, goes back to making the bed.

TIME SHIFT - 4 HOURS LATER

Claire's alarm clock reads 11:59.

Claire lies in her bed in a way that makes it seem like she fell asleep reading. The book is sprawled on her chest and her head is lopsided.

A CREAKING noise emits from the background, as if a door were opening.

FOOTSTEPS sound across the floor, slow and ominous. They stop when they reach the foot of Claire's bed.

Silence.

BEEP BEEP BEEP BEEP.

Her alarm goes off as it hits 12 AM...but she never set an alarm for 12 AM.

BEEP BEEP BEEP BEEP.

(CONTINUED)

She groggily starts to wake up. She notices she still has the book and sets it off to the side.

She looks at her alarm and fumbles with it for a second, sitting up as she tries to turn it off.

BEEP BEEP BEEP BE-

The alarm shuts off.

Claire wipes her face with her hands. She looks around the room, and then puts her hand up to her throat, realizing how dry it is.

She gets out of the bed, wobbling a little as her feet hit the floor as she tries to wake up.

She starts heading towards the door.

KITCHEN

CLAIRE enters the kitchen, half asleep, and turns the light on, looking disheveled. She reaches into the cabinet, grabs a cup, and starts filling it with water from the sink.

As she is about to take a sip-

CHARLIE

Claire?

Claire chokes on her water, about to spit it out. Charlie is out of view, behind the corner turning into the kitchen. She swallows her water, gasping for air.

CLAIRE

Charlie! What are you doing up? Go back to bed.

CHARLIE (O.S)

But I'm scared...

CLAIRE

(A little annoyed)

There's nothing to be scared of.

CHARLIE (O.S)

The grasshopper is going to eat my brain.

CLAIRE

(Tiny sigh/laugh mix)

A grasshopper isn't going to get into your brain. Get back to bed.

(CONTINUED)

No noise comes from Charlie's end. Wondering what is happening, she slowly walks over to the wall.

The rooms outside of the kitchen are dark, so when Claire peaks out from behind the corner, all she sees is pitch black.

CLAIRE
Charlie? (Pause) Charlie...?

No reply.

She squints into the darkness for a moment longer, then decides that she has already gone back up to bed.

She turns back towards the kitchen.

As she turns around, the power goes out.

CLAIRE (cont'd)
Great...

She stands in the darkness, tiny bits of natural light creeping in. She starts to fumble around for the light switch, still holding her water.

A tall, sinister silhouette looms in the corner, imposing itself against the darkness.

Claire moves toward the drawers inside of the kitchen, sets her water down on the counter, and proceeds to look for a flashlight.

The figure stands, towering over her as she reaches into the drawers. It lets out a low sigh, the breath crawling onto Claire's exposed neck...

Claire feels the breeze and starts to look more rapidly for the flashlight.

The silhouette stands for a second, waiting...then raises its claw high over its head! It brings down the talons right above Claire's head, inches away from striking.

She takes out the flash light and turns it on, shining the light where the monster is.

Nothing.

Nothing but the empty oven and microwave.

She goes over to the light switch and tries to flick it on again. The lights stay off.

(CONTINUED)

For a few moments she stands in the dark, deciding what to do.

A sharp pain stabs her through her lip. She doubles over in pain, crying out as she puts her finger to her lip.

She stands upright, trying to get a good look at her hand to determine if her lip was bleeding.

No blood.

CLAIRE (cont'd)
What the hell...

She makes her way towards the..

BATHROOM

Claire stumbles into the bathroom, hands shaking as she tries to steady the light on her reflection inside the mirror. She gets a good look at her face.

A tiny red dot appears on her lower lip. She stares at it, trying to figure out what it is.

Blood starts to drip from the dot, slowly at first, then faster and faster. It is almost a steady stream of blood when Claire grabs a towel from the rack and puts it over her lip, horrified at the amount of blood.

A quiet CREAK comes from outside the bathroom.

Claire didn't miss it. She checks to see if the bleeding has stopped, and sets the towel down. She turns around to shine the light into the den.

Across the room the blinds across the sliding door shuffle back and forth, as if they had been blown by the wind.

Another CREAK, this time closer.

The bathroom door slowly opens...

Claire feels a breathing down her neck. She turns slowly to face the mirror...

A man stands behind her, wearing the bag with the stitched eyes and mouth, his close torn and bloody and holding a knife! He raises his weapon high above his head, prepared to strike!

The flash light goes out.

Claire screams! She runs out of the bathroom and bolts up the stairs, aiming for her parents room. She reaches the door and throws it open.

INT. PARENTS BEDROOM - NIGHT

Three figures lay in the bed on the opposite side of the room, all covered from head to toe under the blanket, like bodies in a body bag. CLAIRE runs in and starts to shake her mother awake.

CLAIRE
Mom! Mom, Dad!!

They don't wake. Claire throws back the sheets.

Rachel, John, and Charlie all lay on the bed, eyes and mouths stitched shut, bodies torn and bloodied, and across their foreheads, each has their own evil written in blood.

Rachel "Cynic".

John "Ego".

Charlie "Ignorant".

Claire stands in shock above them and backs away towards the wall quickly, sinking down into the floor. She can't help but stare at the gruesome sight.

3 more dots have appeared. 2 on top of her lip and one more on bottom, each bleeding steadily into her mouth and on her neck. She raises her hands over her mouth once again at the searing pain.

She hears FOOTSTEPS coming from the stairwell and she runs, sobbing in pain and fear, into the closet and buries herself in the very back.

She breathes heavily and shakily, letting the blood flow.

The FOOTSTEPS walk past the closet and appear to stop near the bed.

The bed starts to CREAK as if people were getting up...

The closet door opens.

Rachel, John, and Charlie stand at the entrance of the closet, staring with their no longer seeing eyes.

The voices in their minds call out to Claire. Raspy, demonic voices call out from the void and into her head.

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11.

Clarice tries to scream, but finds that she no longer can. Her mouth and eyes have been stitched together.

She claws at her face with her nails, drawing even more blood as she penetrates the skin. She flails on the floor, sobbing and bleeding.

All of her pain stops.

She stares blankly now. Her eyes, unseeing. Her mind, unthinking.

INT. ABANDONED WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

FREAK walks down the bloodstained hallway, light bulbs exploding behind him.

CUT TO:

INT. PARENT'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Claire sits up and faces the the closet door, stitched eyes seeing nothing but darkness.

CUT TO:

INT. ABANDONED WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

Freak enters the room where the girl with the bag over her head is strapped to the table. He looms in the doorway, black wisps unfurling from his body.

CUT TO:

INT. PARENT'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Claire walks towards her family, the hallway seeming to get longer and longer.

CUT TO:

INT. ABANDONED WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

Freak stands in the doorway, letting the demonic phantasm envelop the girl in a cloud of wispy smoke; demonic scream of a possession.

CUT TO:

INT. PARENT'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Claire stands with her family, almost like a family portrait.

CUT TO:

INT. ABANDONED WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

The girls neck is snapped once again. This time, Freak slowly walks over to her and pulls the bag off of her head.

Claire's stitched, dead eyes look into nothing, seeing nothing.

INT. CLAIRE'S BEDROOM - MORNING

Claire lies dead in her bed. Her neck snapped, her eyes blankly staring into the unknown.

Her book lies on her stomach, propped open face down, as if she had fallen asleep reading it.

Her eyes and mouth are sewn together forcefully and crudely, the stitches jagged and uneven.

FOOTSTEPS, as if a man was walking into her room.

Freak stands over Claire, gazing upon his prize.

He slowly moves his hand along her face and feels the rough, splintered stitching along her eyelids.

He grabs her by the neck of her collar and slides her off the bed, not bothering to care for the body.

He drags her limp body towards the door, scuffling his feet against the ground.

INT. ABANDONED WAREHOUSE - MORNING

Even though it is morning, no ray of the sun's early light penetrates the dark, overpowering fortress.

Freak continues to drag Claire's body down the hallway.

He reaches the end of the corridor, a rustic door blocking them.

It opens.

(CONTINUED)

He yanks her through the door and throws the corpse into the middle of the room.

Bodies.

Bodies litter the room, trophies of this creatures "victories". Bloodied, ripped up remains of what was once human.

All stitched. All gone.

BANG.

The door closed.

BLACK OUT.

THE END